

"And I'm sure you'll upset the boat."

"But you can wade ashore. You're not afraid," I said, laughing mischievously.

R. T. STROHM, '98.



NATURE'S TRAVAIL

A moan, a tremor; Nature's days are run.
A sigh, deep breathed, warm, as though heart-torn;
Soft tears, slow trickling midst the sunshine hair,
And long expected Spring, so fair, is born.



A DAY IN SPRING

A LIGHT snow, half rain, is falling and almost hiding the grass which the sunshine of the previous pleasant days has coaxed to a beautiful green. The robins, which have but lately come from their winter quarters in the mild South, are hopping briskly over the white earth, choosing the spots where the verdure peeps through. Their cheerful chirping gladdens our hearts, for it tells us though the snow is on the ground and the leaden clouds hang low overhead with more, that Spring is already at our door; and though, coy maiden as she is, she hangs back shyly and hides her smiling, dimpling face, she must soon burst upon us in all her radiant beauty and chase away the shadows of the winter. With her magic wand she will touch the ice-bound streams, and their rippling, laughter as they dance over their rocky beds will awaken ours. The sturdy crocus, the fairy anemone and other early flowers will arouse at her silvery voice of command, and shaking off the sleep into which they were kissed by the frost king last October, lift their pretty heads from their